

Toronto Bible College

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MARCH, 1957

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Publication of TORONTO BIBLE COLLEGE
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SIXTY., THIRD GRADUATION SERVICE

of TORONTO BIBLE COLLEGE

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An Easter Meditation

"AND PETER"

Rev. T. R. Maxwell, M.A., M.Th.



ONLY two little words,* but how laden with the love and compassion of a suffering Saviour, how eloquently proclaiming the power of a risen Lord! Strangely frightening words, too, falling upon the ears of Mary Magdalene, Mary, the mother of James, and Salome, as they paused in the entrance to the tomb in the half-light of early dawn, laden with spices to anoint the body of JeSUs. There sat a young man in a long white garment, whose words struck amazement to their hearts: "Ye seek Jesus of Nazareth, which was crucified: He is risen; He is not here: behold the place where they laid Him. But go your way, tell His disciples and Peter that He goeth before you into Galilee: there shall ye see Him, as He said unto you." As the women went out and quickly fled from the sepulchre "they trembled and were amazed: neither said they anything to any man; for they were afraid." While they hasten on their mission of good news, let us picture with reverent imagination those to whom they made their way in haste.

THE LOCKED DOORS

Cowering behind locked doors in an upper room were the disciples, gripped by the crisis of the moment, totally unprepared for the news from the tomb. Like men who know not what to do next, they were living again the past, the cherished dreams of years spent by roadside and in mountain, in thronged village and town, in ornate temple and humble home; days of unsurpassed joyfulness and excitement, permeated with an expectancy of the long-awaited kingdom of the Messiah, glowing with the warmth and love and power of Jesus' own personality. But now, it was smashed, destroyed, ended - only a memory. They looked at one another with painful attempts to smother the depth of their dejection, talking quietly, like those in a funeral parlour, without animation or spontaneity.

And Peter - what a chaos were his thoughts, what a mixup his life. Where was now the meaning of those prophetic, visionary words of the Master, when they first met: "Thou art Simon the son of Jona: thou shalt be called Cephas . . . a stone." Or the vision of that glorious moment when he had confessed Jesus as the

* From Mark 16: 8.

Christ, the Son of God, at Caesaria Philippi; and the promise of Jesus rang so clearly in his ears: "Blessed art thou, Simon Barjona, for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but My Father which is in heaven. And I say also unto thee, that thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build My church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." Suddenly a bitter twinge of conscience contorted his face, as he remembered, too, how quickly Jesus' words had turned to stinging rebuke, when in the uprush of self-confidence as Jesus commended him he had dared to object to the Master's prediction of suffering and death. He could still hear the echo of those searing, piercing words: "Get thee behind me Satan; thou art an offense unto me: for thou savourest not the things that be of God, but those that be of men."

Then there was again, even overshadowing despair, that dreadful sense of shame. Again it flooded his face and neck with crimson, ebbing and leaving it white and drawn. It was bad enough for all of them including himself, to have fled and left Jesus alone. At the crucial moment everyone had forsaken, deserted Him. He knew that each disciple had felt the shame and discredit of that dastardly loss of nerve, that futile wish: "Oh if only one of us had played the man, and laid down his life with Jesus." But he, Peter, had done much worse. He who had been so proud of Jesus' trust in him, and boasted so bravely of how he would lay down his life for the Master. And he had meant every word of it, meant it with every fibre of his being. Then the anguish of that threefold betrayal shook him, as again he saw with the eye of the mind the searching power of the loving glance of the Lord, just at the very moment when oaths and curses spued from his mouth, the vile uprush of his old fishing days, filthy and obscene. And now he could never make amends. Jesus was dead.

THE LAMENTABLE FEAR

A noise in the street outside ... the disciples started, and looked at each other with fear shining in their eyes. As John tells us: "The doors were shut where the disciples were assembled, for fear of the Jews." Jesus had been brutally done to death, and their turn was next. The nervous tension of their fear made them jumpy and distraught. But more than anything, even that hunted feeling of being watched, was the appalling loneliness. They were together, but that didn't help. This was a deeper loneliness, a God-forsakenness, like the 'deep darkness' that fell on Abraham so long ago in Canaan. The only consolation was the vague consciousness of somehow sharing together this experience of the loss of their Friend and Leader.

Like a sharp knife in Peter's heart was the thought that he would never see Him again. Never would he forget the clearly-etched scenes in which they had watched Him, loving the little children in His arms; with unforgettable artistry painting word pictures of the mysteries of the Kingdom of God; with commanding authority, casting out demons; with compassionate eyes and sympathetic hands healing the sick, the lepers, the lame, the blind. Ministering always to the outcasts the lonely, the broken-hearted. How vivid was the memory of that hour with James and John on the mount, with Jesus transfigured before them, how thrilling the sight of a little girl raised from the dead before their very eyes; and that night

when they watched, not to O'well, for they were so sleepy, in Gethsemane. And to think that they would never see Him again! He who had made God so real and intimate, so personal and present, was gone forever.

Do you and I know how Peter felt, or the disciples? Isn't there a vividness about their experience which brings them right into our twentieth century. For so many today there is the same fear, the same loneliness, the same shame and despair; the despair of a world that somehow has gone wrong, stripped of the optimism of past generations, heading for disaster, yet powerless to stop it. Life has become so complicated for thousands, tens of thousands, that when all human expedients fail again and again, they cannot but cry out - "what shall we do?"

And there is the shame, too, that men feel as they look upon a world of human lives, like their own, sin-stained, mismanaged, perverted. Down deep in our hearts we know that it is the dishonesties, the self-seeking pride, the lust for things, the sins of the human heart which have led us to this. Doesn't your own heart tell you so? Have you never swerved from the way of Christ? Never turned and forsaken Him, and fled, and then stood aghast at your own disloyalty? Never felt the tears creep eyeward as you think of what "might have been"? God knows and He sees. Not once but many times, the failures, the sweet pact with evil, the desertion of truth in a crisis, the denial. Yes, we too know how the men in that upper room felt.

Then we too know what it means to fear. For today, with the hydrogen bomb a reality; ever greater destructive power a potentiality; with godless Communism gaining ground in Asia, is there any security for us? Is there any guarantee that the things which crucified Jesus Christ, envy, pride, hatred, unbelief, naked force, will not conquer everywhere at last? In the atmosphere of the upper room, it may be our turn next.

THE LONELY LIFE

And finally, there is the loneliness of modern man. In spite of the teeming metropolitan areas, the clubs, the lodges, the sports, there is no loneliness like that of great cities where the individual seems but a pawn in a gigantic game of chance. Yes, men are becoming more religious today, but how many are coming to know Christ as an intimate, living person? Modern theology has created a great Man, an Example, a Teacher, Who is called Jesus Christ. But where is the Son of God, the Saviour, the Redeemer? Ritual, beauty and efficiency, are good things, but can they substitute for the living God? For multitudes today, God is but an abstraction, a shadowy ghost, while Jesus is simply a wonderful man who is long since dead. Such God-forsakenness has given man a desolation, an eternal loneliness, for which man himself can provide no answer. By modern science and philosophy, man knows not God.

And then it happened! The exciting knock on the door, the whispered consultation to make sure it was not the dreaded temple police. Why, the news was incredible! Jesus was risen from the dead! And the women had a message for the disciples, "and Peter". Too stunned to respond, they must have looked from face to face. And what of Peter, as astonishment, bewilderment, doubt and hope, chased one another across his features. It could not be - was the reaction of

startled despair, for Luke tells us that: "Their words seemed to them as idle tales, and they believed them not." At that moment, with wildly beating heart and rising excitement, hoping somehow that there must be something in the special message to himself, Peter rose and plunged through the doorway, breaking into a run down the dusty street toward the tomb. But right at his heels was John, the beloved disciple. Slight and wiry, he soon outstripped the heavy-set and panting Peter. Arriving at the tomb, characteristically he paused, wondering, before entering. But Peter had no such fears. Impetuous as ever, anxious to see and know the best or worst, he burst into the tomb, with John right behind him.

THE EMPTY TOMB

They stopped short, quite taken aback by the scene. The linen clothes, lying by themselves, not as some have thought, carefully folded, but as Peter Marshall has expressed so vividly: "like the shrivelled, cracked shell of a cocoon, left behind when the moth has emerged and hoisted her bright sails in the sunshine ... or, more accurately, like a glove from which the hand has been removed, the fingers of which still retain the shape of the hand." "Only the napkin that was about His head," John adds, "not lying with the linen clothes, but wrapped together in a place by itself." It was then, Scripture tells us, that they saw and believed. Not the ordinary Greek word for seeing, as one looks at an object, or through a glass at a distant scene, but to see with an inner sight that leads to a conclusion. It is perception, reflection, understanding, more than actual sight; like questioning someone: "Do you see?" And they saw, with uncontrovertible evidence before their eyes, an unshakeable conviction in their hearts. Somehow, He had risen from the dead. But even so, as John reminds us in his gospel, "they knew not the Scripture, that Christ must rise again from the dead." So they went out and home, discussing that which had happened, no longer deep in despair, but lifted on wings of awe and wonder.

Scripture is very reticent about the experience of Simon Peter, when the promise of the "and Peter" became a living reality. Jesus appeared to Peter personally before visiting the rest of the disciples. Luke tells us that when the two who had met Jesus on the road to Emmaus returned to the disciple band, to tell of the news, they were in turn told that: "The Lord is risen indeed, and hath appeared unto Simon."

THE LIVING CHRIST

And Paul, writing to the Corinthians in that famous 15th chapter, recorded long before the gospels were written, tells us: "That He was buried, and that He rose the third day according to the Scriptures: and that He was seen of Cephas, then of the twelve: and that, he was seen of above five hundred brethren at once." But about Jesus' interview with Peter alone we can only conjecture. What it must have meant to the despairing, ashamed and fearful disciple to have the quiet intimacy of that secret fellowship, with its healing and forgiveness; its reassurance of the confidence of the Lord, we see only when the sorely tried Peter emerged in

the peace and joy of a new relationship. How else can we interpret Peter's joy in proclaiming and emphasizing the resurrection power of Jesus Christ as he preached and wrote to the Christian Church. "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which according to His abundant mercy hath begotten us again unto a lively hope, by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead." Or further down in this first chapter of his first Epistle, he adds: "Who by Him do believe in God that raised Him from the dead, and gave Him power, that your faith and hope might be in God."

Only two little words, but what a difference they made in one man's life because they brought home to his own heart the love of God for one erring frustrated child of His. It has been recently stated that the greatest need of our religious world today is not a new theology, or a new crop of brilliant students for the ministry, or a union of all churches into one religious body, or a renewed missionary movement, or a revised program of evangelism. We need first and foremost apostles and saints, men and women abandoned to God, who have been released from the love to self and enslaved by the love of God. But how are apostles made? When you and I, like Peter, hear Christ's voice, not with the two words which are peculiarly Peter's, but with the one that belongs to all of us; "Come!" And alone with our sins and Him, we find afresh the power of our risen Lord, and return again like Peter, to a world of gloom, and guilt, and fear, and loneliness with the imprint of His Spirit upon us, with such a reality of living fellowship with Him Who indwells us, that men can but say, with the awe and wonder of first century days: Jesus is risen - He is alive, today!

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GOD DID SOMETHING DIFFERENT!

THE T.B.C. Missionary Conference is an annual event. For months the student committee prays and plans for this peak period of T.B.C. training.

The Conference slated for February 13 to 16, 1957, was no different. Early in the school year Student Leader Dixie Dean led his committee into the ground work of a conference that was to cover the world, include a score or more of missionaries and endeavour to give a complete missionary picture and challenge to the students in training. The first plans began to bear fruit. Out of them came a motto for the Conference "Time to Work," taken from Psalm 119:126. Missionary Societies were lined up, missionary speakers were discussed, films were reviewed, a missionary banquet was planned, and within all this framework a "dedication service" was hoped for. These plans were well and truly laid and they began to take on the semblance of a well organized conference.

Then, almost unobtrusively, a new element began to appear in the life of the student body. As usual, much prayer was asked on behalf of the conference. This was no mere cliché or platitude, for it was sincerely felt that only prayer could bring about the desired result and blessing in a strong forward missionary movement on the part of the students and the school as a whole. But something different began to creep into even the prayer life. Groups of students were meeting together, almost spontaneously, to pray, and others found that their own desires to meet with God were deepened. The result of this was seen in the week previous to, and the week of, the conference itself.

Some of the fruit of the consistent prayer was evident in the development of the acceptance of speakers. Feeling that a missionary program that was not based solidly on the Word of God would be fruitless, the committee asked Dr. William Fitch, beloved minister at Knox Church, in Toronto, and part-time lecturer at the Bible College, to bring a series of messages on "The Bible Basis of Missions;" and Principal Simmonds was asked to speak at the opening session of the conference. These two factors were used of God to lay - not a *missionary* emphasis on the conference, but a *spiritual* emphasis.

Another element that came out of the student missionary prayer and discussion, was a desire to somehow bring Dr. Hudson Taylor's "Spiritual Secret," into the programme. To strengthen this project, the missionary committee purchased copies of that volume, written by Dr. Taylor, for each member of the student body, and then they went on to prepare a short dramatic sketch of some of the highlights of Dr. Taylor's experience.

Here then was a pattern for the conference. It was to open with this emphasis on Dr. Taylor's "Spiritual Secret," to receive its impetus from the Principal's message: "Peter, as a Missionary Candidate;" and Dr. Fitch's series of messages from John 4 on "Jesus, the Master Missionary;" "The Making of a Missionary," and "Men Who Should Have Been Missionaries."

What would you expect from a group of students who were in a spirit of prayer and then are faced up with spiritual qualifications as seen in the Word of God? That's exactly what happened! Students found that they were woefully inadequate within themselves. They were faced up with sin, emptiness, shortcomings and the general unspiritual attitude towards the work to which God would call them. And these conditions were dealt with.

More and more emphasis was laid upon the prayer life of this week of missionary conference. In other years, to get fifteen or twenty out to one of the prayer meetings was cause for rejoicing. Now it was no problem to get fifty to one hundred out. And still the private dealings of the Holy Spirit went on. Missionaries who were here confessed that they had never experienced anything like it in a missionary conference. Instead of dealing with *missionary problems*, they were dealing with *spiritual problems*; instead of a *relationship with a missionary society*, it was a *relationship with the Lord*. Is there little wonder that as the days went on, that there should grow great expectancy, and such a moving of the Spirit of God in our midst that a dedication service seemed anti-climatic? Students met to pray and could only weep. Strong men were shaken and tears flowed freely. Was this like Peter's experience, who wept bitterly before he could be used?

So it was that a solemn, subdued and sobered throng filled the auditorium for the final meeting on the Saturday night. Then without emotion, save that deep emotion of personal dealing with God, there moved silently to the front of the auditorium scores of young people and a sprinkling of olderfolk, to the words and tune of, "All to Jesus I surrender,"

"I surrender all
I surrender all
All to Thee my blessed Saviour
I surrender all."

And they did.

This was the direct line down which the Lord worked, but with it He gave many delightful sidetrips into the realm of missions. With more than a score of missionaries on hand, panels, discussion groups, literature booths, films and quiet talks gave an insight into this great task of world evangelism. Even the missionary banquet added to this overtone of consecration, as missionaries, faculty and students met together around the loaded tables. One highlight at the banquet

was when Mrs. McNicol produced the diploma of Miss Georgina Mitchell, who graduated in the second T.B.C. graduating class in 1897. She had gone to South America and there lived out her life of service and was called up to higher service.

From Mexico came a letter (and the happy addition of a contribution to the McNicol Memorial Library) with greetings from more missionary graduates. Then Dr. Hillyer of the C.B.F.M.B. spoke, showing progress of the Gospel in Bolivia and how the blood of the martyrs in that land proved to be the seed of the Church. How the Gospel, by personal witness, teaching, preaching, literature and radio made its impact on the country.

We had thought, while we were planning for the conference, of the expression "the world would trip into T.B.C." But in a very real sense it was the Lord Who came in, many things of the world were thrust out, and as a result, we do believe, many more servants of Christ will be thrust out into the world. His ways are past finding out.

So it is that we say, although we planned a missionary conference according to our standards and plans, yet God was pleased to do something different, and in that difference the end result will be greater missionary vision than ever. Now you pray for every volunteer, every considering candidate, every dedicated life.

DOUGLAS C. PERCY.

Rev. D. E. Raymer Earns Degree

DURING the school year of 1955-56, Rev. D. E. Raymer, B.A.Sc. was granted leave of absence from his duties at the Bible College to finish his work on the Bachelor of Divinity degree at the University of London (Eng.). Mr. Raymer was fortunate in being able to fellowship in the London Bible College during that academic year, and to strengthen ties with our overseas alumni as well.

Despite the heavy course he had to carry, and the intensive study which was involved, Mr. Raymer was very successful and achieved high standing with his work. He has now returned after his "Sabbatical year" to take up his work at the College once more. Our congratulations then, to Rev. Denzill E. Raymer, B.A.Sc., B.D.

LET ME BURN OUT FOR THEE

O God, the world is lost in sin,
and so few that seem to care,
Many of whom profess Thy name,
no burden will help to bear.
We need a passi'on, Lord, for souls,
to bring the lost back to Thee;
Our hearts must be stirred till all have heard,
at least once of Calvary.

How cold has been our giving Lord,
how selfish our love has been,
Keeping from those who never heard,
the Gospel that saves from sin;
How often we have turned aside,
neglecting to do our part,
Forgetting Thy tears and agony,
forgetting Thy bleeding heart..

Meet us and break us up, dear Lord,
until driven to our knees,
Bear to our gaze Thy cross and love,
offlood-baptized Calvary.
Speak till we hear again Thy call,
and hold nothing back from Thee;
Burn on our hearts the hopeless wail
of souls dammed eternally.

O God, with shame I humbly bow,
in tears and a contrite heart;
Forgive me for the broken vows,
and failure to do my part.
Heed Thy call, and say farewell
to all that would hinder me,
Thy grace and love, to lost ones tell,
and my life burn out for Thee.

Let me 'hurn out for Thee, dear Lord,
'burn 'and wear out for Thee,
Don't let me rust, or my life be a failure
my God to Thee,
Use me and all I have 'dear Lord,
and get me so close to Thee,
Till I feel the throb of the great heart of God,
Until I burn out for Thee.

PIONEERS - PRIMITIVE LIFE - DEMON DANCES

DOES the above title sound to you like some wild, unsettled country, and a people needing the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ? If so, you are right.

Does it sound like the Amazon Valley, Africa, India, Borneo? You are wrong - it's Canada, up in the northern reaches of North West Territories.

T.Re., graduates get to unusual places and do unusual things, and the Helstons - Ray, '52, and Mary, '53, and son David - keep up the tradition. After graduation and marriage, Ray finished his degree work at U. of T. and then attended the Ontario College of Education. Qualified to teach, he spent some time at Port Colborne, but continued to feel the pull to needier fields. The Wycliffe Bible Translators' Course at Norman, Oklahoma was next, and then came the call of God to Northern Canada.

Linking up with missionaries of the Northern Canada Evangelical Mission (where other T.B.e., graduates are working) the push ever farther north continued. As they write their letters the story takes on the elements of a Viking saga, with motor boats replacing the great-oared galleys, and missionaries of the Cross instead of helmeted and armed marauders.

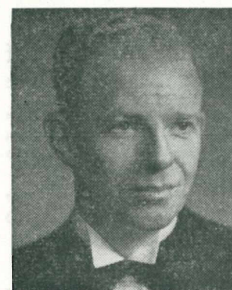
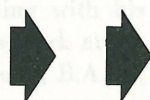
As Hay Helston wrote his impressions of the journeys, early Canadian history came alive in places seen and named. Great Slave Lake, the Mackenzie River and Aklavik just 120 miles inside the Arctic Circle. Churchill, Fort Resolution, Fort MacPherson, Fort Providence; the Cree, the Chipewyan, the Athabaskan Indians. What history lies hidden in the Canadian north!

The string of Forts, once manned by the dauntless French and the adventure-some British, making bases for trade, commerce and conquest, slipped by in quick review. Here were the great Athabaskan tribes; the Slave, the Hare, the Louchoux dialects. The Helstons feel led to work on Louchoux at Fort McPherson.

Back down the river come the party of pioneers, and adventure lay in wait. A propeller, loosened from the shaft dropped into the icy water and had to be dived for; the motor stalled in the midst of angry rapids, and as the anchor is thrown out to steady the careening boat, the links parted asunder and relentless water took hold of the helpless craft, then bore it safely downstream. The saga has its tale of rain and snow, rocks and sandbars, all the physical barriers to penetrate a primitive land. But the story holds that note of Christian victory that overcomes, and brought them rejoicing to their place of service.

(Continued on page 12)

T.B.C. GRADUATES WHO LEFT FOR THE FOREIGN FIELD DURING 1956



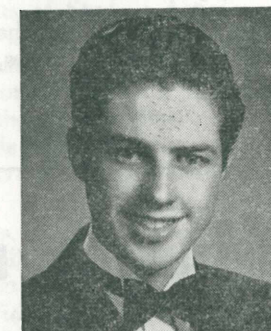
Mr. and Mrs. Murray, '55 (Doris Hutton, '54) Clark
Africa Inland Mission, Kenya Colony.



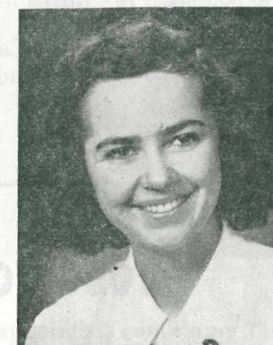
Mr. David Fuller, '53
Overseas Missionary Fellowship (C.I.M.), Calapan,
Mindoro Or., Philippines.



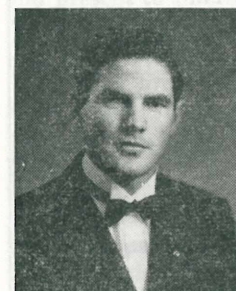
Miss Elva Locklin,
'46
Edinburgh Medical
Missionary Society,
Israel.



Mr. and Mrs. Ronald, '52 (Patricia Hamilton, '52) Patterson
Regular Baptist Mission, Japan.



Miss Janetta Small, '55
Sudan Interior Mission, Nigeria.

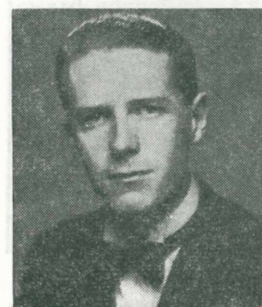


Mr. and Mrs. Iner, '55 (Carmen Malcolm, '55) Robinson
Sudan Interior Mission, Khartoum, Sudan.



Miss Yarmila Jelinek,
'44-'46

New Tribes Mission,
Bolivia, South America.



Mr. and Mrs. Hugh, '53 (Olive Richards, '53) Worsfold
Latin American Mission, studying language at Costa Rica.



That was the pioneer element, calling for rugged effort and the cancelling of easy living. The primitive life appeared as they lived with and spoke to those inhabitants of these far northern reaches, many still living on nature's bounty, and where poverty and need are rife. Demon dances, as violent and enslaving as those of Africa, are held, and the beholder realizes that in the "fair Dominion" the enemy still holds sway; here too primitive religious superstitions are believed, and darkness reigns. Here is a mission field that calls for pioneers to break up fallow ground and plant the precious seed of the Gospel.

The Helston's close off one letter this way: "There is a definite need for workers. What afield lies on the banks of the Peel river and at the Forts. Pray for unconquered fields and for an indigenous church among the Indians. As junior members of Wycliffe Bible Translators we feel the challenge of the country and of the people. Pray for us here. Pray others out here."

This is Northern Canada, one of the untouched, needy areas of the North American continent. And here go T.B.C. graduates, "holding forth the Word of life".

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FIELD SECRETARY'S REPORT

EXTENSION is not a new idea at Toronto Bible College. The College Secretaries, Alumni Secretary-Treasurers and Superintendents of Student Activities down through the years have recognized the need for such a department, and they have carried on a measure of extension work along with their administrative duties by visiting, when time permitted, the contributing friends of the College and the Alumni Branches spread across Eastern Canada.



The Board of Governors, in appraising the years of work already accomplished, have decided this area of T.B.C. life must be expanded. In order to do this a full time "Field Secretary"* has been appointed, combining the outside contact or field world with the secretariate of the Alumni Association. He will endeavour to expand the prayer fellowship, interview prospective students, and present to interested people the financial needs of the College. The new Field Secretary, Mr. A. M. Deans, sends in the following report:

"Since my appointment in September, a beginning has been made with visiting seven of our sixteen Alumni Branches, while many of our supporting friends have been contacted personally or by letter. There have been some warm responses. Selected business people have been visited and the purposes of T.B.C. outlined to them. In each case the desirability of a wider prayer fellowship, the need for more students to train, and more funds with which to train them has been the theme, along with certain information about the trends at T.B.C. relating to Christian education.

I have found that, in the secular (so-called) business world, business men and their boards of directors are becoming increasingly aware of their responsibility toward education. Large industrial grants are being made to Universities and Colleges which train in engineering and technical fields. These men and their companies are assisting the student to get his start in his chosen profession by

* Mr. A. M. Deans was appointed Field Secretary in 1956. In his work he combines the training as a graduate of T.B.C., a successful business man, and a Christian worker. He will welcome opportunities to present the College. Why not invite him?

making available to his school liberal bursaries and scholarships and a job upon graduation in his area of specialization. They have realized they must attack the problem of a shortage of qualified people at its source, by supporting Colleges and by accepting their graduates.

Perhaps the Christian business man is not yet aware that he has a unique responsibility to the evangelical Bible Colleges of our country, in making funds available to them, so that our Christian young people may continue to have for their training a College like T.B.e., with its Bible-centred, strong missionary emphasis.

Toronto Bible College has been instrumental in the training of nearly 3,000 graduates of day and evening classes, many of them serving in foreign missionary work in fifty countries under as many mission boards. Hundreds more are ministers, city mission workers, nurses, teachers, shop, factory, and office personnel. Wherever I travel, I seem to meet some of the 6,000 who have at one time or other attended the Toronto Bible College. I find that the vast majority of these are putting into daily practise the lessons and experiences learned and shared during their T.B.e., days.

As a truly interdenominational College, T.B.e., has a God-given task to perform, to which she has been faithful these 63 years: that of being a hand-maiden to the churches. Her responsibility in this respect is seen in the present representation of 22 distinct denominations in the current student body. I have been happy to speak in many of the churches represented in the student body and alumni.

The churches at home, many of them situated in new sub-divisions, need trained people to superintend and to teach in their Sunday Schools, to lead in all phases of church organization, to do much of the visitation upon which the new sub-division church often depends. Many glowing reports received from denominational heads, ministers and mission superintendents and secretaries, of their appreciation of the training, ability and Christian character of T.B.C. graduates who work in their midst, are on our files, and others are heard verbally by us.

Perhaps there are young people in your home or in your church who are seeking an outlet for a life of service in the church as a full time worker, or perhaps they seek an area of usefulness while they are gainfully employed elsewhere. For the former, the day class course will be of valuable assistance, while the evening class courses are designed to serve the latter. An expanding church needs trained people to carry the message of redeeming grace to those who are at present unaware of the free gift of salvation. The tremendous need of the overseas mission field has never been met. The way is always open to those who will respond to the Lord's call to train and 'go forth'. In every graduating class there are those who make this response as they see a vision of the fields already white unto harvest.

The extension department will be busy for the next few months upon setting up and expediting a vigorous visitation campaign among our friends and supporters as well as work along those lines with the Alumni Association.

There is a need to establish a firm means of communication between our constituents and the College. It is felt these lines of communication and of participation may best be established through the Field Secretary in the extension

programme. I will welcome, therefore, invitations from Christian business men, friends of the College, young people's groups, churches or their boards, summer camps and conferences and former alumni branches with a view to discussing T.B.e., and what she has to offer the church, the missionary movement, and society generally, in the training of young people for Christian service.

To assist in deputation work negotiations are being carried on with a film producer who is prepared to produce a distinctive T.B.C. film in full colour and sound. It is anticipated the film will be ready later this year. Discussions are taking place with local radio station personnel about the possibility of T.B.C. broadcasting. One station in Ontario has accepted a tape recording which they broadcast during Christmas week. They request a series of these to use several times a year.

The extension department is still in the very early stages of its existence. We pray the Lord will give us through His people, opportunities to present the work of the College to many new friends as a challenge to prepare for Christian service, pray for its world-wide ministry, and support it as the Lord enables."

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION SCHOLARSHIPS

This year the T.B.C. Alumni Association decided to grant scholarships to two deserving students. To date the total amount has not been subscribed. (They are worth \$200.00 each). One has been cared for, the second is still not complete. Since the awards are to be made at the Graduation Service, April 26th, we are most anxious that they be underwritten as speedily as possible. The scholarships become effective at the opening session of 1957-58.

Please send your contribution immediately to:

Alumni Secretary, 14 Spadina Rd., Toronto.

H. LANE,

President, Alumni Association.

OUR WORLD-WIDE PRAYER FELLOWSHIP

THE T.B.C. prayer fellowship has been a reality for many years. Linked together in the bonds that were forged at Calvary, strengthened at T.B.C., and stretching around the world, T.B.C. faculty, alumni and friends have sought, like Aaron and Hur to hold up the hands of many a "Moses" and thus had a share in Gospel victories.

For the last two years, the Prayer Fellowship has been issuing a new folder, with specific requests on specific dates. Here the prayer of thousands has been focused, and the answers given, problems solved, needs met, courage granted, and strength supplied seems to have multiplied.

Missionaries in hidden distant places whose exotic names hide the darkness and sin of their peoples, have sent a record of praise and thanksgiving. In teeming, bustling cities, from manse and rescue mission, from offices, shops and homes have come not only requests, but notes of praise and thanksgiving for answers given.

For your encouragement we have selected just a few of the scores of comments that have come winging back from places near and far, all equidistant from the throne of God.

"This morning I realized more than I ever have before what a powerful instrument the T.B.C. Prayer Calendar is in the hands of the T.B.C. family throughout the world, and so decided to drop you a line right away," writes one from Nigeria, West Africa. "There are two graduates of T.B.C. stationed here in Lagos, and this morning they and their five children leave for furlough. The three older children have been upcountry at our School for Missionaries Children and last Saturday came down by plane to Lagos, to be ready to leave with their parents and small brother and sister today. One of the three older ones developed a high fever, on Sunday, and we have been much in prayer that nothing serious would develop which might hinder their leaving today. Then, this morning, as I opened up the prayer calendar and saw that these actually were the ones that were being remembered today, and being remembered by hundreds of our T.B.C. family all over the world, I realized what a comfort it must have been to them, to know that faithful prayer warriors were holding them up before the Lord this very day, asking that they be able to leave as planned, and that they have a good trip home. It is a

tremendous comfort and strength to know that so many are praying for one, specially when there is a specific need. It is good to have such specific things to pray for. Not only are we able to share in the work of others in this way, but it helps to keep us up to date on what the rest of the family is doing. Thank you for it, and for getting it to us so early each month."

From Hamilton, Ontario, a busy pastor says "I have appreciated this spiritual fellowship which has been a constant strength to me, and I am sure a wonderful blessing to the College."

And from French Equatorial Africa, a veteran missionary says: "We are specially thanking you for challenging us, the members of our T.B.C. family overseas, into a deeper prayer life for our College. Never was prayer so vital and necessary as in these critical days. We rejoice that you have united us in a T.B.C. Prayer Fellowship, much more intimate and personal than we've had before. It enlarges our vision and daily brings before us definite items on which to focus our prayers. Then it does unite us and truly the sun never sets on our world-wide T.B.C. fellowship. Alas, our Prayer Card arrives one month too late, we have just received the September one! Ordinary mail to French Equatorial Africa takes from ten to twelve weeks. If it could come by air we would willingly pay the postage."

Appreciation comes from some T.B.C. friends: "Thank you for still including me in the Prayer Fellowship. To me it is a very sacred ministry. Yes, I think the issuing of these folders each month is better, although it may mean quite a bit of extra work." ... "I have been using, and enjoying, your prayer folder each day. I do love the idea. It makes me feel so much closer to the College and all its needs. I do not know how it could help but stimulate more prayer - and more givings too."

Then from far off Malaya, a graduate did what you have doubtless thought of doing. She writes: "As the T.B.C. letter and Prayer Fellowship card come in month by month, I've often thought of sitting down and writing to say how much I appreciate getting them."

All this and more do members of the prayer fellowship write. With the comments come requests that we are happy to receive and to share with the fellowship.

This is a day of urgency, a day of need, therefore a day of prayer. May the ties of prayer fellowship bind us ever closer. And may the rich blessing of God be the portion of all who share in it. Write us as the Lord lays it on your heart and let us be more closely knit together in prayer, and praise than ever before.

D. C. P.

PERSONALS

Rev. Chris. W. Sorley, '28, was inducted into the ministry of People's Church, Lachute, Quebec, on October 11. Rev. Alex. Stein, '30, and Rev. Harold Lamshead, '39, took part in the service.

Before returning to the Belgian Congo, Laurence D. Dolby, '28-'31, was ordained on June 28 at Hughson Street Baptist Church, Hamilton. Rev. Clifford Loney, '04, gave the charge to the candidate.

Mrs. Lawrence Yates (Jean, '45), received the B.S. degree from Whitworth College, Spokane, Washington, in June and began teaching two courses in Home Economics in the same College in the fall.

Raymond Costerus, '49, was ordained into the ministry of the Baptist Convention of Ontario and Quebec on June 7th at Acton Baptist Church. The charge to the candidate was given by Dr. D. A. Burns, '16.

Viola Martin, '52, received the degree, Reg. N., from the Kitchener-Waterloo General Hospital in September.

Alex McCombie, '52, received the B.A. degree from Waterloo College at the Spring Convocation of the University of Western Ontario.

Ronald Patterson, '52, was ordained by the Fellowship of Evangelical Baptist Churches in Canada on September 25th. The service took place at York Road Baptist Church, Guelph, on September 25th.

BIRTHS

On December 26, 1955, to Mr. Max and Mrs. (Mary Cowling, '52) Prufer, a daughter, Linda Mary.

To Rev. Fred and Mrs. (Elsa Lundgren, '47-'48) Jewell, a son, Allan David, on February 11.

A son, Timothy Colin, on March 20, 1956, to Rev. Dow, '37, and Mrs. (Mae Tipping, '37) Sargeant.

To Rev. George, '48-'49, and Mrs. (Beth Culbert, '52) Daley, on March 24, 1956, a daughter, Ruth Elizabeth.

At Orillia, on May 11, to Mr. Royal and Mrs. (Joan Quick, '47-'48) Taylor, a son, David Allan.

A daughter, Lianne, on June 1, to Mr. Roland and Mrs. (Rita Kesseler, '53-'55) Glendinning.

To Mr. William, '35-'39, and Mrs. (Rose Andrews, '39) Wills, a chosen son, Samuel Albert, on June 25, at the age of 23 months.

At Addis Ababa, on July 22, a son, Frank James, to Mr. Roy, '49, and Mrs. (Frances Kerr, '49) Wallace.

A son, Douglas John, to Mr. James and Mrs. (Phyllis Boswell, '44) Younger, in August, at Ottawa.

On August 9, to Mr. Robert and Mrs. (Elizabeth Parish, '52) Hill, a daughter, Marilyn Elizabeth.

To Rev. Arthur, '49, and Mrs. Hux, on August 12, a son, William Edward.

At Hong Kong, on August 13, a daughter, Edith Ellen, to Rev. David and Mrs. (Elizabeth Gillman, '40) Woodward.

A daughter, Carolyn Elizabeth, to Rev. Paul, '43, and Mrs. Beech, on August 16, at Ithaca, New York.

On August 24, a daughter, Allane Gael, to Rev. Allan, '47-'48, and Mrs. (Janet Kerr, '49) Hunter, at Bloomingdale, Michigan.

At Peterborough, on August 24, a daughter, Nancy Jean, to Mr. Everett, '55, and Mrs. (Alice Bedford, '53-'55) Sedgwick.

To Rev. Peter and Mrs. (Ruth Tolley, '49) Amy, a daughter, Wendy Ruth, on August 29, while on furlough in Canada.

A daughter, Margaret Jeanette, on September 9, to Mr. Donald, '47-'48, and Mrs. (Doris Vance, '46) McKenzie, in Tanganyika, Africa.

At Alton, Illinois, on September 16, a daughter, Carol Lynn, to Dr. Alvin and Mrs. (Marion Barr, '42) Porteous.

On October 2, to Mr. Joseph and Mrs. (Norma Falconbridge, '50) Lamshead, a son, John Mark.

To Mr. Norman and Mrs. (Helen Smith, '46) Bigelow, a son, Roger Murray, on October 10, at Hamilton.

A son, David William, on October 13, in Hamilton, to Mr. Walter and Mrs. (Anne Humenuk, '47) Gammon.

In Formosa, on October 13, a daughter, Deborah Ann, to Rev. James, '42, and Mrs. Sutherland.

In Tokyo, Japan, on October 24, a daughter, Barbara Ann, to Mr. Donald and Mrs. (Winnifred Medhurst, E.C. '47) Morris.

On October 31, at Wolfville, Nova Scotia, a son, to Mr. Howard, '49, and Mrs. (Muriel, '50) McCormick.

To Mr. Kenneth and Mrs. (Barbara Phillips, '47) Budge, a son, Timothy Sutherland, on November 7, at Kuala Lumpur, Malaya.

A son, David, to Mr. Bentley and Mrs. (Joyce Reed, '51) Hansen, on November 10, in Montreal.

At Collingwood, on November 13, a son, Donald Philip, to Rev. George and Mrs. (Mae Gould, '50) Beacham.

On November 26, at Hamilton, a son, Arthur Roy, to Mr. Arthur and Mrs. (Sylvia, '50-'51) Wormald.

A daughter, Linda Carol, on December 3, to Mr. Alfred and Mrs. (Ruth Flewelling, '52) Harrison.

To Mr. Floyd, '57, and Mrs. Shantz, a son, Steven Malcolm, on January 5.

On February 7, a son, David Arthur, to Mr. Merlin, '59, and Mrs. Grove.

A daughter, June, to Mr. Gordon and Mrs. (Charlotte Reid, '43) Wilson, on January 4.

MARRIAGES

On July 7 in the Baptist Church at Upper Blackville, New Brunswick, Alta Arbeau, '50, to Carl Berteit. Marjorie Sutherland, '52, was senior bridesmaid. Nettie Farquhar, E.C. '40, to Hugh Brown, on September 10, 1955, at High Park Presbyterian Church.

Oscar Zimmerman, '33, to Lynda Rempel, on April 13.

In Forward Baptist Church on July 19th, Elsie Barrow, '36, to Frank Andrews, E.C. '33.

On August 25 in the Delta Tabernacle, Hamilton, Jean Martin, '53, to John Shannon. Helen Bruce, '53, was the pianist.

Jean Brown, '56, to Howard Doner, on September 15, in Bloomington Christian Congregational Church. Rev. D. C. Percy, '36, officiated; Ruth Almas, '57, played the wedding music; and Gloria Westley, '59, was soloist.

In the Madison Avenue Baptist Church, Montreal, on September 29, Mary Rough, '54, to Robert C. Smith. Edna Clysdale, '54, was maid-of-honour.

Nora Gray, '31-'33, to Ernest Cechetto, E.C. '54, on February 9.

DEATHS

Frank Westlake, E.C. '07, at his home in Toronto, on May 25th.

Rev. Harold Chambers, '29, on September 9, in the General Hospital, Brockville, after a lingering illness for four years.

George Beare, '96, in Toronto, on November 13.

Mrs. George Usher (Ann D. Pope, '22), at Queensway Hospital, Toronto, on December 19.

MISS JEAN SCOTT, B.A. ('36)

London Bible Institute lost its Registrar when Jean Scott of the T.B.C. class of '36 passed away following a long illness due to a heart attack.

Miss Scott labored long despite a heart condition, and her zeal for the Lord and deeply spiritual life had made a real impact on the students with whom she counselled.

After graduation from T.B.C., Miss Scott attended the University of Western Ontario, where she graduated with her B.A. degree. For twelve years she served as Registrar at L.B.I., and many students and friends will remember her as one of "the King's daughters".

Our sympathies go to her family and to our sister Institution in their loss.

T.B.C. Annual Alumni Regional Picnic at Neighborhood Workers' Camp

BOLTON, ONTARIO

SATURDAY, JUNE 1, at 3.00 P.M.

BRING A BASKET SUPPER
TEA AND MILK PROVIDED

DIRECTIONS:

Take Queen Elizabeth Way to No. 27 Highway
North on 27 to Bolton Road Sign.
Left through to Bolton.

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